CONTRASTING METHODS OF SALVATION ARMY WARFARE.

THERE is probably not a religious body in the world that strives more earnestly to reach the separate classes of people comprising the nations than the Salvation Army. In truth, led by their motto, "The World for God," the battle-field of these aggressive warriors seems to have no limit. There are few important towns in the United States where they have not gained a foothold, and besides having garrisons in every large European city, with the exception of the cities of Russia, they have established outposts in New Zealand, Ceylon, India, South Africa, Australia, South America, and Mexico. Even Russia, which has repulsed the soldiers for many years, has fallen through the conversion of Prince Galitzen. This event was brought about at a meeting in this city scarcely a year ago, and the Prince is now preparing plans for the opening of stations in the big cities and along the route to Siberia. The invasion of Hawaii was accomplished but a few weeks ago, and scouts are now reconnoitring for a weak spot in China. Among the sixty-three converts already reported at Honolulu there are twenty-four natives, eight Chinese, and one Caroline Islander.

Their method of introducing themselves in a new country is simple and effective. They acquire the native tongue, don the costume of the race, live in native fashion, and even change their names so that they may become, as far as possible, a part of the people who surround them. It is on the same plan that their warfare in this city is conducted, and notwithstanding the early opposition, the Army leaders have established a firm foothold in every phase of society in this cosmopolitan town. They have surmounted the loftiest walls to the homes of the millionaires; they have beaten down the breast-works between them and the middle classes, and descended upon the struggling, toiling humanity in the vilest pits and trenches of the slums with uniform success.

The security of their position is maintained only by the closest vigilance and strictest adherence to their various methods, from which, however, much of the adverse criticism has sprung.

In his addresses in this city recently General William Booth, the father of the Army, laid special stress upon the necessity of preserving many methods which would appear fanatical to the casual observer, and much of his time was given to an explanation of the various modes of warfare.

"We have many ways of saving souls," he said, "for there are so many kinds of souls that need saving. Do not feel annoyed and displeased when you see a band of Salvationists with noisy tambourines marching through the street. Rather look upon them in sympathy, for they are trying to reach the outcasts who may be attracted by the sounds of their drumming and singing."

It is in the slums that the Army in this city has achieved its most encouraging results. The movement was organized five years ago, and Major Emma Bown, who directs the work, has gathered around her a corps of devoted young women, known in Army parlance as "Slum Lassies." A few plainly furnished rooms, scrupulously clean, in the rear of a big Cherry Street tenement, constitute their home. There they live, to all outward appearances, in strict accord with the customs of their neighbors. No uniform is theirs. Their dresses are of the cheapest material, with no suggestion of the prevailing style, or even the military braid allowed to sisters who labor in higher fields, and rough black shawls or old-fashioned cloaks protect them from the cold, in place of the Army cape-coat. Even the bonnet is discarded, and in its stead, winter and summer, a heavy black straw hat is worn. Only on close inspection may the Lassies be distinguished from the ordinary women of the slums. Then, at the throat, a small badge may be seen, bearing the motto, "Blood and Fire."

The reception accorded this little band was cheerless and discouraging. They were hooted at, insulted, stoned, and beaten, and not a few still bear marks of the harsh treatment received at the hands of ruffians. Now the feeling against them is dying out; with the results they accomplish it would be impossible for it to last. They are up with the sun, and the day is spent in visitation. They go from door to door, from room to room, in the crowded tenements, offering words of cheer and encouragement to struggling depressed humanity. Where they find sickness they remain to nurse; when a woman is ill, they wash her children. The common gingham aprons are upon them always. They do the house-work in the squalid rooms, even to scrubbing the floors, and when they are ready to depart they simply kneel and offer a brief prayer. That is all. No money is asked, no thanks expected. An important branch of the work is the nursery, where slum babies whose mothers must work are cared for. In the evenings the Lassies hold meetings in a small hall in Cherry Street. Drunkards and outcasts comprise their hearers, with now and then a woman of the street. On publication days they visit saloons and stores with *War Cry's* for sale. And when they meet with jeers or insults they have but the ever-ready reply, "God bless you!"

The other picture is congenial to the senses of the reader. That is the key to the situation it presents. The method of reaching the higher classes, whose help was so earnestly needed, long remained unsolved. Finally a series of parlor meetings was decided upon. The first was held at the residence of Mrs. John Wanamaker, in Washington, during the administration of President Harrison. The wives of the members of the cabinet, several Senators and Congressmen, were present. A hearty interest was aroused in the work described by Mrs. Ballington Booth, and the meeting proved so successful that the parlors of Mrs. J. Hooker Hammersley, of this city, were opened to her. Others followed in their welcome of the sweet-faced woman in blue, whose words of entreaty for the help of mankind found a ready response in every heart, and from the movement sprung the Auxiliary League, which now numbers nearly four thousand men and women in this city and its suburbs.

The tambourine and the bass-drum form no part of the parlor meeting, and although the Army costume is adhered to by Mrs. Booth and the young women who accompany her, it is of fine material and neatly made, and the bonnet is trimmed with broad silk ribbon. There is nothing in their appearance or manner to shock the sensitive or cultured nature. To the company of invited guests Mrs. Booth speaks of the aims and objects of the Army, and describing the work in slums, enlists their friendship and influence as well as their financial aid, that the work may be carried on to greater results.

"Help us to lift them up!" is her earnest plea.

At the close of a parlor meeting it is not uncommon to have every one present step forward and become a member of the League, whose principles require a promise to defend the Army, and the payment of $5 per annum. This amount sinks into insignificance compared with many later donations when members have become personally acquainted with the work. The membership has increased rapidly during the past year, and many ministers of various denominations have been enrolled as Auxiliaries.

Numbered among the stanchest supporters of the movement are Rev. Josiah Strong, Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance; Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Da Costa, Edward Everett Hale, Dr. Charles A. Briggs; John Willis Baer, General Secretary of the United Societies of the Christian Endeavor; District-Attorney Allen, of Boston; Frances E. Willard; Mrs. Margaret Bottome, founder of the King's Daughters; Miss Grace Dodge, and many of the leading society women of this city, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington.

HARRY B. WILSON.

A WINTER THOUGHT.

OLD Winter is a surly soul,
Gaunt, haggard, grim, and gray;
His trumpet blast sweeps from the knoll
All that is green and gay.

But isn't he a poet still,
Of sweet and gentle art,
Who feels a kind and gentle thrill
Of sunshine in his heart

When he depicts in dreams wind-tost
The flowers of summer's train
In arabesques of sparkling frost
Upon the window-pane?

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE MOSQUITO RESERVE.

THIS question has assumed proportions that invest it with international importance, affecting as it does three powers—Nicaragua, Great Britain, and the United States. Ere briefly discussing the events leading up to the present complications a brief glance at its historic phases is necessary to a clear understanding of the claims of Chief Clarence and his 15,000 subjects.

Mosquitia, as it was known to the early Spanish discoverers, extends along the eastern coast of Nicaragua, a vast tract of country in Central America, facing on the Caribbean Sea, and extending inland to lofty mountains. It was discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1502, and the Spaniards laid claim to it. Early in the seventeenth century it was a favorite rendezvous of the buccaneers. It was subjected to Great Britain in 1655, but that country abandoned her claim as recently as 1850, when Earl Grey was the Foreign Secretary. From 1655 to 1850, or nearly two centuries, the Mosquito, to use the English name, was an independent state under the protectorate of Britain.

After Great Britain relinquished her claim many vexatious questions arose as to the rights of the Mosquito king and his subjects. In 1860 a treaty known as the Managua Treaty, taking its name from the Nicaraguan capital, was concluded between Nicaragua and Great Britain. Under the treaty the king of Mosquito, his lineal descendants and subjects, duly recognized the sovereignty of Nicaragua, but they as a people remained as free as formerly, with full power to make their own laws and rule themselves. Their absolute independence was specially stipulated for and accepted by the high contracting parties. The vexed questions between Nicaragua and Great Britain were submitted to his Majesty Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, as umpire.

Chief Clarence was ruler of the Mosquitoes until forced to fly. He was elected chief following the death of his uncle, whose successor he is. Following the treaty of 1860, the Mosquito Indians elected the chief. Under their tribal laws he had to be a descendant of the kings of Mosquito. The present chief is twenty-two years old; a very quiet young man, almost boyish in appearance. He has received a good English education.

The importance and increasing wealth of the Mosquito littoral date back just ten years, and are largely due to the banana industry. Bluefields, the capital, had grown rapidly; her population had increased from 1500 to 4000. The rich alluvial soil gave full crops of perfect fruit—the yellow banana. American and British merchants settled in Bluefields. There was a large and steady influx of capital, American and British. So rapid was the development of American industries in the Reserve, including the cutting of mahogany, the introduction of American steamers and tugs on the Bluefields River, that their value in 1893 was estimated at $10,000,000. They owned many large and valuable buildings and warehouses. Bluefields under Chief Clarence and his Executive Committee was growing and improving rapidly. While the Mosquitoes were obscure they were safe. Their present troubles can be traced back to their successful cultivation of the banana and their substantial internal development.

For years Nicaragua had looked on with jealous eyes. In December, 1893, she violated the treaty by sending armed troops into the Reserve, as she alleged, to repel an invasion by Honduras of the coast of Mosquito. This was wholly imaginary, and the most improbable of events, as Nicaragua had sent an army of 5000 men, under General Ortiz, into Honduras to assist the rebels in unseating Vasquez, then President of that republic, and they had been successful.

With the arrival of the Nicaraguan soldiers, 300 strong, in Bluefields, fear and distrust became general, not only among the quiet and peaceable Indians, but among all the foreigners. All recognized the handwriting on the wall.

Under the treaty the Mosquitoes were not allowed to have soldiers of their own; a police force met all requirements. The presence of the Nicaraguan soldiery was a wilful violation of the treaty; the imaginary invasion was their pretext. The world was informed of a battle fought by them. Like the invasion, it was imaginary and bloodless.

Great uncertainty prevailed. General Cabeza was in charge of the men, and General Carlos A. Lacayo was there as a Nicaraguan commissioner. On the 12th of February General Cabeza and his command took forcible possession of Bluefields. The seizure was made at midnight, when the peaceful Indians and inhabitants were asleep. No intimation of their action had been given. They seized the government buildings and the archives of the Mosquito Reserve, opened the prison, releasing thieves and two murderers. They hauled down the Nicaraguan flag, with its Nicaraguan emblem of sovereignty. The next day Chief Clarence and his government were declared rebels. The chief's life was threatened twice, when he took up quarters with Mr. Edwin D. Hatch, the acting British consul. The Nicaraguans held Bluefields, when very opportunely H.M.S. *Mohawk* arrived. At the universal request of the foreigners she landed sixty men, fully equipped for active service. They encamped at Bluefields Bluff, on property whose use was volunteered by American owners. But for the wreck of the U.S.S. *Kearsarge* on Roncador Reef she would have been the first war-vessel to arrive.

A conference was held between Chief Clarence, his council, and the captain of the *Mohawk*, when General Cabeza offered to retire to Rama, sixty miles up the Bluefields River—General Carlos A. Lacayo tacitly undoing General Cabeza's seizure, and recognizing Chief Clarence and his people *de novo*.

Later the U.S.S. *Marblehead* arrived. A conference between the captains of the men-of-war followed, when the *Marblehead* sent a landing-party of sixty to Bluefields. Later the *Mohawk* left, when General Cabeza, at Rama, seized some American vessels and forced their crews to take him and his men to Bluefields. The arguments were loaded rifles in the hands of a semisavage soldiery. They returned to Bluefields, and encamped at Bluefields Bluff. The captain of the *Marblehead* was about to take very active measures to force them to return, when the U.S.S. *Columbia* arrived. Her captain ranked the captain of the *Marblehead*. He did nothing.

Men-of-war came and went. Soon 700 soldiers arrived from Greytown, making a total of 1000 men. Once fully in possession, their commander informed the American and British captains that they, representing Nicaragua, could maintain peace and protect life, and that their further presence was undesirable. A new reign of terror was in order. Many families moved into the woods. All feared the Nicaraguans. The rains were on. There was much sickness and dying. A number became insane through hardships. Chief Clarence had gone on board the *Mohawk*, and was taken with nearly 200 refugees to Port Limon in Costa Rica. Thence they proceeded to Jamaica. Nicaraguan excesses followed. Cannon were fired in the streets to terrorize the poor Indians. The Mosquito flag was hauled down a second time, torn into shreds, and fired from the cannon. Soon Bluefields's population was 500. Later, American citizens and British subjects, all men in excellent standing, were forcibly taken from their homes and callings, taken to Managua, and without a hearing or trial, expelled from the country.

Chief Clarence is in exile. Nicaragua has assumed full sway. Fifteen thousand quiet and peaceable people have been deprived of their birthrights and divested of their independence. Chief Clarence is the guest of Great Britain in Jamaica. There he is allowed £4 18s. a day. The American and British consuls at Greytown were deprived of their *exequaturs*.

The Kingston, Jamaica, correspondence of the United Press indicates that Great Britain's grievance calls for redress. This view has been fully endorsed by the statements published that General Barrios, the Nicaraguan minister, has failed in his mission to the Court of St. James. The Treaty of Managua of 1860 in no wise conflicts with the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty.

WOLFRED NELSON.

EDWIN UPTON CURTIS, MAYOR-ELECT OF BOSTON.

BOSTON, although normally a Democratic city, is somewhat given to independent voting in municipal affairs. It is largely due to this fact that although, in the national and State election of a month before, the city withstood the Republican tidal wave by giving a plurality of something over 3000 for the Democratic candidate for Governor, the Republican candidate for Mayor, Edwin Upton Curtis, was chosen at the election of December 11th by a plurality of 2515 over the Democratic candidate, Francis W. Peabody. In the election of Mr. Curtis, Boston continues the recent fashion of young men for Mayors set in the election of Mayor Matthews four years ago, and followed by Cambridge and several other Massachusetts cities. Mr. Curtis is even younger than was Mr. Matthews at the time of his first election, having been born in 1861, in what was then the city of Roxbury, now a part of Boston. His father, the late George Curtis, was a prominent citizen of that suburb, and a large building contractor. He was one of the last of the "old-timers" who clung to the traditional blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, in which costume he was a picturesque figure at the Boston City Hall when he served as Alderman. Edwin Upton Curtis was fitted for college in the Little Blue School at Framingham, Massachusetts, and in 1882 graduated from Bowdoin College with the degree of B.A. He studied law in the office of the late Hon. William O. Gaston, ex-Governor of Massachusetts and ex-Mayor of Boston. In 1885 he received the degree of A.M., and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1885. Engaging in practice as a member of the law firm of Reed & Curtis, he soon gained a handsome reputation as an able and popular advocate. He has lately been particularly prominent as a counsel for the defence in the protracted investigation of the Board of Commissioners of Public Institutions by the Boston Board of Aldermen, serious charges having been brought against the management. Mr. Curtis has for some time taken a leading part in local politics. In 1888 he was secretary of the Republican city committee. In 1889, when Mayor Hart was elected by the Republicans, and that party also chose a majority of the City Council, Mr. Curtis was elected by the Council to the important office of City Clerk, which he filled to the satisfaction of the public. Mr. Curtis is a prominent member of the Masonic order, and inherited from his father an ample fortune.

THE PRESIDENT'S PARDONING POWER.

THE most disagreeable of the many duties of the President of the United States, perhaps, is to pass upon petitions for pardon. He is the final resort of criminals convicted under the Federal laws. This includes all under sentence for crimes committed in the Territories or the District of Columbia, or for crimes against the national banking laws or the postal laws. Usually the crime which the President is asked to pardon or condone carries a sentence of imprisonment; sometimes the President is asked to commute a sentence of death.

Business of every kind is sifted carefully before it gets to the President's desk. If it comes direct to the White House, it has to pass the scrutiny of the clerks in the outer office, and if it gets past them, it has to have the approval of Mr. Thurber before it comes to the President's eye. If it comes by way of a department, it works up through clerks and bureau chiefs to the head of the department before it goes to the White House. And if it stands the test of their scrutiny, it must be a matter of great importance, and one that really requires the President's personal attention. So